THE PEEP O' DAY.

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MIRIAM ALROY

A TALE OF

THE JEWISH CAPTIVITY.

BY B. DISRAELI, M. P., F. G.

PART I.

[illegible] a final [illegible] as he [illegible] disappointed [illegible] his train chanted [illegible] over a people, and [illegible] the countenances of [illegible] readers, it might have [illegible] triumph rather [illegible]

"The glory has not departed!" exclaimed the venerable Bostenay, as he entered the hall of his mansion. "It is not as in the days of Shelomith's son, Solomon; nevertheless the glory has not yet departed. Thou hast done well, faithful Caleb! [illegible] courage waxed [illegible] step within his [illegible] assured him against [illegible] fear—the audible [illegible] and the threatened missile of the [illegible]

"It was a day of rejoicing and [illegible]" continued the prince; "and [illegible] faithful Caleb, that the [illegible] served. That last [illegible] nobly done. It was not [illegible] Jericho; nevertheless it [illegible] the Lord of Hosts was for [illegible] the accursed Ishmaelites stark- [illegible] yet mark, Caleb, that tall Turk [illegible] By the sceptre [illegible] O! it shall be a day of rejoicing and thanksgiving! And [illegible] nor the Arab [illegible] Look you to this, [illegible] the people shouted bravely [illegible] a shout rolled. It was not as [illegible] sound in the camp when the ark [illegible] but, nevertheless, it was [illegible] and showed that the glory had not yet departed. So spare not the [illegible] and drink to the [illegible] of Judah! to the [illegible] which he gave and [illegible]

"It was indeed a great day for [illegible]" exclaimed Caleb, echoing his [illegible]

"[illegible] forbidden," [illegible] and it been re- [illegible] princes to have [illegible] upon foot, [illegible] and without guards, [illegible] and good Caleb, I really [illegible] this old blood [illegible] but it is needless [illegible] to-day—the God of our fathers hath [illegible]

"Verily, my lord, ye were as David in the wilderness of Zipe; but now we are as the Lord's anointed in the stronghold of Engedi!"

"The glory truly has not yet *utterly* departed," resumed the prince in a more subdued tone: yet if—I tell you what, Caleb—praise the Lord that you are young."

"My prince may yet live to see the good day."

"Nay my child, you misinterpret me. Your prince has lived to see the evil day. 'Twas not of the coming that I thought when I bid you praise the Lord because you were young—the more my sin. I was thinking, Caleb, that if your hairs were as mine, if you could call back like me the days that are gone by—the days when it needed no bribe to prove we were princes—the glorious days when we led captivity captive—I was thinking, I say, my son, what a gainful heritage it it is to be born after the joys that have passed away."

"My father lived at Babylon," said Caleb.

"O! name it not!" exclaimed the old chieftain. "Dark was the day that we lost the second Sion! We were then also slaves to the Egyptian; but verily we ruled over the realm of Pharoah. Why, Caleb, Caleb, you who know *all*—the days of toil—the nights restless as a love-sick boy's, which it has cost your prince to gain permission to grace our tribute day with the paltry presence of half a dozen guards—you who know all my difficulties, who have witnessed all my mortification, what would you say to the purse of dirhems, surrounded by seven thousand cimeters?"

"Seven thousand cimeters!"

"Not one less; my father flourished one."

"It was indeed a great day for Israel!"

"Nay, that is nothing. When old Alroy was prince—old David Alroy—for thirty years, good Caleb—thirty long years we paid no tribute to the caliph."

"No tribute! no tribute for thirty years! What marvel then, my prince, that the Philistines have of late exacted interest?"

"Nay, that is nothing," continued old Bostenay, unmindful of his servant's ejaculations. "When Moctador was caliph, he sent to the same prince David, to know why the dirhems were not brought up, and David immediately called to horse, and attended by all the chief people rode to the palace, and told the caliph that tribute was an acknowledgment made from the weak to the strong to insure protection and support, and inasmuch as he and his people had just garrisoned the city for ten years against the Seljuks, he held the caliph in arrear."

"We shall see an ass mount a ladder," exclaimed Caleb with uplifted eyes of wonder.

"It is true though," continued the prince; "often have I heard my father tell the tale. He was then a child, and his mother held him up to see the procession return, and all the people shouted, 'The sceptre has not gone out of Jacob!'"

"It was indeed a great day for Israel."

"Nay; that is nothing. I could tell you such things! But we prattle; our business is not yet done. You to the people; the widow and the orphan are waiting. Give freely, good Caleb, give freely; the spoils of the Canaanite are no longer ours; nevertheless the Lord is still our God, and after all, even this is a great day for Israel. And Caleb, Caleb, bid my nephew, David Alroy, know that I would speak with him."

"I will do all promptly, good master! We wonder that our honored lord, your nephew, went not up with the donation this day."

"Who bid you wonder? Begone sir! How long are you to idle here?—Away!

"They wonder he went not up with the tribute today. Ay! surely—a common talk. This boy will be our ruin! a prudent hand to wield our shattered sceptre! I have observed him from his infancy; he should have lived in Babylon. The old Alroy blood flows in his veins, a stiff-necked race. When I was a youth his grandsire was my friend; I had some fancies then myself. Dreams, dreams! We have fallen on evil days, and yet we prosper. I have lived long enough to feel a rich caravan, laden with the rich shawls of India, and the stuffs of Samarcand, if not exactly like dancing before the ark, is still a goodly sight. And our hard-hearted rulers, with all their pride, can they subsist without us? Still we wax rich. I have lived to see the haughty caliph sink into a slave, viler far than Israel. And the victorious and voluptuous Seljuks, even now they tremble at the dim mention of the distant name of Arslan. Yet I, Bostenay, and the frail remnant of our scattered tribes, still exist, and still, thanks to our God, we prosper. But the age of power has past; it is by prudence now that we must flourish. The jibe, the jest, the curse, perchance the blow, Israel must now bear, and with a calm, or even smiling visage. What then! For every jibe and jest, for every curse, I'll have a dirhem; and every blow—let him look to it who is my creditor, or wills to be so. But see, he comes, my nephew! His grandsire was my friend. Methinks I look upon him now; the same Alroy that was the partner of my boyish hours. And yet that fragile form and girlish face but ill consort with the dark passions

and the dangerous fancies, I fear lie hidden in that tender breast. Well, sir?"

"You want me, uncle?"

"What then? Uncles often want what nephews seldom offer."

"I at least can refuse nothing; for I have naught to give."

"You have a jewel which I greatly covet."

"A jewel! See my chaplet! You gave it me, my uncle; it is yours."

"I thank you. Many a blazing ruby, many a soft and shadowy pearl, and many an emerald glowing like a star in the far desert, I behold, my child. They are choice stones, and yet I miss a jewel far more precious, which, when I gave you this rich chaplet, David, I deemed you did possess."

"How do you call it, sir?"

"Obedience."

"'Tis a word of doubtful import, sir; for to obey, when duty is disgrace, is not a virtue."

"I see you read my thought. In a word, I sent for you to know, wherefore you joined me not in offering our—"

"Tribute."

"Be it so: tribute. Why were you absent?"

"Because it was a tribute: I pay none."

"But that the dreary course of seventy winters has not erased the memory of my boyish follies, David, I should esteem you mad. Think you, because I am old, I am enamored of disgrace, and love a house of bondage. If life were a mere question between freedom and slavery, glory and dishonor, all could decide. Trust me, there needs but little spirit to be a moody patriot in a sullen home, and vent your heroic spleen upon your fellow-sufferers, whose sufferings you cannot remedy. But of such stuff your race were ever made. Such deliverers ever abounded in the house of Alroy. And what has been the result? I found you, and your sister, orphan infants, your sceptre broken, and your tribes dispersed. The tribute, which now at least we pay like princes, was then exacted with the scourge, and offered in chains. I collected our scattered people, I re-established our ancient throne, and this day, which you look upon as a day of humiliation, and of mourning, is rightly considered by all a day of triumph, and of feasting; for has it not proved, in the very teeth of the Ishmaelites, that the sceptre has not yet departed from Jacob?"

"I pray you, uncle, speak not of these things I would not willingly forget you are my kinsman, and a kind one. Let there be no strife between us. What my feelings are is nothing. They are my own: I cannot change them. And for my ancestors, if they pondered much, and achieved little, why then, 'twould seem our pedigree is pure, and I am their true son. At least *one* was a hero."

"Ah! the great Alroy; you may well be proud of such an ancestor."

"I am ashamed, uncle,—ashamed, ashamed."

"His sceptre still exists. At least, I have not betrayed him. and this brings me to the real purport of our interview. That sceptre I would return."

"To whom?"

"To its right owner, to yourself."

"O! no, no, no—I pray you, pray you, uncle, I pray you not. I do entreat you, sir, upon my knees, forget I have a right as utterly as I myself disclaim it. The sceptre—you have wielded it wisely and well; I do beseech you keep it. Indeed, good uncle, I have no sort of talent for all the busy duties of this post."

"You sigh for glory, yet you fly from toil."

"Toil without glory is a menial's lot."

"You are a boy; you may yet live to learn that the sweetest lot of life consists in tranquil duties and well-earned repose."

"If my lot be repose, I'll find it in a lair."

"Ah! David, there is a wilderness in your temper, boy, that makes me often tremble. You are already too much alone, child. and for this, as well as for weightier reasons, I am desirous that you should at length assume the office you inherit. What my poor experience can afford to aid you, as your counsellor, I shall ever proffer! and for the rest, our God will not desert you, an orphan child, and born of royal blood."

"Pr'ythee, no more, kind uncle. I have but little heart to mount a throne, which only ranks me as the first of slaves."

"Pooh, pooh, you are young. Live we like slaves? Is this hall a servile chamber? These costly carpets, and these rich divans, in what proud harem shall we find their match? I feel not like a slave. My coffers are full of dirhems. Is that slavish? The wealthiest company of the caravan is ever Bostenay's. Is that to be a slave? Walk the bazaar of Bagdad, and you will find my name more potent than the caliph's. Is that a badge of slavery?"

"Uncle, you toil for others."

"So do we all, so does the bee, yet he is free and happy."

"At least he has a sting."

"Which he can use but once; and when he stings—"

"He dies, and like a hero. Such a death is sweeter than his honey."

"Well, well, you are young, you are young. I once, too, had fancies. Dreams all, dreams all. I willingly would see you happy, child. Come, let that face brighten; after all, to-day is a great day. If you had seen what I have seen, David, you too, would feel grateful. Come! let us feast, let us feast. The Ishmaelite, the accursed child of Hagar, he does confess to-day you are a prince: this day also you complete your eighteenth year. The custom of our people now requires you should assume the attributes of manhood. To-day, then, your reign commences; and at our festival I will present the elders to their prince. For a while farewell, my child. Array that face in smiles. I shall most anxiously await your presence."

"Farewell, sir."

He turned his head and watched his uncle as he departed; the bitter expression of his countenance gradually melted away as Bostenay disappeared; dejection succeeded to sarcasm; he sighed, he threw himself upon a couch, and buried his face in his hands.

Suddenly he arose, and paced the chamber with an irregular and moody step. He stopped, he leaned against a column. He spoke in a tremulous and smothered voice,

"O! my heart is full of care, and my soul is dark with sorrow! What am I? What is all this? A cloud hangs heavy o'er my life. God of my fathers! let it burst.

"I know not what I feel—yet what I feel is madness. Thus to be, is not to live, if life be what I sometimes dream, and dare to think it might be. To breathe, to feed, to sleep, to wake and breathe again—again to feel existence without hope; if this be life, why then these brooding thoughts that whisper death were better?

"Away! away! The demon tempts me. But to what, to what? What nameless deed shall desecrate this hand! No, no, it must not be; the royal blood of twice two thousand years, it must not die—die like a dream. O! my heart is full of care, and my soul is dark with sorrow!

"Hark! the trumpets that sound our dishonor. O! but that they sounded to battle! Lord of Hosts! Let me conquer or die! Let me conquer like David, or die, Lord, like Saul.

"Ah! were I in the woods once more, a melancholy child! Each flower, that raised its haughty head, should be the turbaned enemy, and I would wave some sword of straw, and find revenge in every blow, that quelled their painted pride.

"'Tis over now; that sweet, sweet prime, when fancy solaced solitude. Yet I am still alone? But how alone? The madness of the past and the despair of the future—are not these the choice companions of my pleasant life?

"I once remember, when a child, I cried to be a man—and now, methinks, I'll sit me down and cry to be a child. Ah! tears of bliss, though shed in sadness, unutterable joys! No more the sunshine of the breast succeeds those freshening showers of grief; light season of my boyish spring, when care was but a mimic game, and woe a wild delusion!

"Behold this chaplet rich and rare; its stones might deck a soldan's brow! Could I but weep, for each bright tear I'd give a flaming gem; could I but weep, for each soft sob I'd yield a lustrous pearl. Alas! the age of tears is o'er, and yet—my heart is full of care, and my soul is dark with sorrow.

"Why do I live? Ah! could the thought that lurks within my secret heart but answer—not the trumpet's blast when echoing on the noisy hills, could speak as loud or clear. The votary of a false idea, I linger in this shadowy life, and feed on silent images which no eye but mine can gaze on, until, at length, they are invested with all terrible circumstances of life, and breathe, and act from a stirring world of fate and beauty, time and death, and glory. And then from out this dazzling wilderness of deeds I wander forth and wake, and find myself in this, dull house of bondage, even as I do now. Horrible! horrible!

"God of my fathers! for indeed I dare not style thee God of their wretched sons—yet by the memory of Sinai let me tell thee that some of the antique blood yet beats within these pulses, and there yet is one who fain would commune with thee face to face—commune and conquer.

"And if the promise unto which we cling be not a cheat, why let him come, come, and come quickly, for thy servant Israel, Lord, is now a slave so infamous, so wo-begone, and so contemned, that even when our fathers hung their harps by the sad waters of the Babylonian stream, why it were paradise again to what we suffer.

"Alas! they do not suffer; they endure and do not feel. Or by this time our shadowy cherubim would guard again the ark. It is the will that is the father to the deed, and he who broods over some long idea, however wild, will find his dream was but the prophecy of coming fate.

"And even now a vivid flash darts through the darkness of my mind—methinks, methinks—Ah! worst of woes to dream of glory in despair. No no, I live and die a most ignoble thing; beauty and love, and fame and mighty deeds, the smile of women and the gaze of men,

and the ennobling consciousnes of worth, and all the fiery course of the creative passions—these are not for me, and I, Alroy, the long posterity of sacred kings, and with a soul that pants for empire, I stand here extending my vain arm for my lost sceptre, a most dishonored slave! And do I still exist? Exist! ay, merrily, Hark! Festivity holds her fair revel in these light-hearted walls. We are gay to-day; and yet ere you proud sun, whose mighty course was stayed before our swords, that now he even does not deign to shine upon: ere yon proud sun shall, like a hero from a glorious field, enter the bright pavilion of his rest; there shall a deed be done.

"My fathers, my heroic fathers, if this feeble arm cannot redeem thy heritage, if the foul boar must still wallow in thy sweet vineyard, Israel, at least I'll not disgrace ye. No! let me perish. The house of David is no more: no more our sacred seed shall lurk and linger, like a blighted thing in this degenerate earth. If we cannot flourish, why then we'll die!"

"O! say not so, my brother!"

A voice broke on the air, so soft, so sweet, so wildly musical—it sounded like a holy bell upon a summer day, a holy bell that calls to prayer, and stills each fierce emotion.

And softly kneeling at his side behold a female form! Her face is hid, her lips are pressed against the hand she gently steals. And now she raises up her head, and waits with tender patience for a glance from one who seldom smiles.

"O! say not so, my brother!"

He turns, he gazes on a face beauteous as a starry night,—a starry night in those fair climes where not a cloud is marked in heaven, where all below on earth's so sweet, and all above in air so still, that every passion melts away, and life seems but a fragrant dream.

I, too, have wandered in those lands, and roamed 'mid Jordan's vocal bowers. Ah! could the nightingale that sang to Syria's rose now sing to me, I'd give the fame of coming years to listen to that lay!

He turns, he gazes, and he bends; his heart is full, his voice is low.

"Ah, Miriam! thou queller of dark spirits! is it thou? Why art thou here?"

"Why am I here? Are you not here? and need I urge a stronger plea? O! brother dear, I pray you come, and mingle in our festival! Our walls are hung with flowers you love; I culled them by the fountain's side; the holy lamps are trimmed and set, and you must raise their earliest flame. Without the gate my maidens wait to offer you a robe of state. Then, brother dear, I pray you come and mingle in our festival?"

"Why should we feast?"

"Ah! is it not in thy dear name these lamps are lit—these garlands hung? To-day to us a prince is given, to-day—"

"A prince without a kingdom."

"But not without *that* which makes kingdoms precious, and which full many a royal heart has sighed for—willing subjects, David."

"Slaves, Miriam, fellow-slaves."

"What we are, my brother, our God has willed; and let us bow and tremble."

"I will not, I cannot tremble."

"Hush, David, hush! It was this haughty spirit that called the vengeance of the Lord upon us."

"It was this haughty spirit that conquered Canaan."

"O! my brother, my dear, dear brother! they told me the dark spirit had fallen on thee, and I came, and hoped thy Miriam might have charmed it. What we have been, Alroy, is a bright dream; and what we may be, at least as bright a hope; and for what we are, thou art my brother. In thy love I find present felicity, and value more thy chance embraces and thy scanty smiles, than all the vanished splendor of our race, our gorgeous gardens, and our glittering halls."

"Who waits without there?"

"Caleb."

"Caleb?"

"My lord."

"Go tell my uncle I presently will join the banquet. Leave me a moment, dearest. I'll soon be with thee. Nay, dry these tears, my life, or let me stop them with a soft kiss."

"O! Alroy, they are not tears of sorrow!"

"God be with thee, angel! fare thee well, though but for a moment. Thou art the charm and consolation of my life. Farewell, farewell.

"I do observe the influence of women very potent over me. 'Tis not of such stuff that they make heroes. I know not love, save that pure affection that does subsist between me and this girl—an orphan and my sister. We are so alike that when, last Passover, in mimiery, she twined my turban round her graceful head, our uncle called her David.

"The daughters of my tribe, they please me not, though they are passing fair. Were our sons as brave as they are beautiful, we still might dance on Zion. Yet have I often thought that I could pillow this moody brow upon some snowy bosom that were my own, and dwell in the wilderness, far from the sight and ken of man, and all the care, and toil, and wretchedness, that groan, and sweat, and sigh about me, I might haply lose this deep sensation of o'erwhelming woe, that broods upon my being. No matter—life is but a dream and mine must be a dull one."

CHAPTER II.

Without the gates of Hamadan, a very short distance from the city, was an enclosed piece of elevated ground, in the centre of which rose an ancient sepulchre, the traditionary tomb of Esther and Mordecai. This solemn and solitary spot was an accustomed haunt of Alroy; and thither escaping from the banquet, about an hour before sunset, he this day repaired.

As he unlocked the massy gate of the burial-place, he heard behind him the trampling of a horse; and before he had again secured the entrance, some one shouted to him.

He looked up, and recognized the youthful and voluptuous Alschiroch, the governor of the city, and brother of the sultan of the Seljuks. He was attended only by a single running footman, an Arab, a detested favorite, and notorious minister of his pleasures.

"Dog!" exclaimed the irritated Alschiroch, "art thou deaf, or obstinate? or both? Are we to call twice to our slaves? Unlock that gate!"

"Wherefore?" inquired Alroy.

"Wherefore! By the holy prophet, he bandies questions with us. Unlock that gate, or thy head shall answer for it!"

"Who art thou," inquired Alroy, "whose voice is so loud? Art thou some holiday Turk, who hast transgressed the orders of thy prophet, and drunken aught but water? Go to, or I will summon thee before thy cadi;" and so saying, he turned towards the tomb.

"By the eyes of my mother, the dog jeers us. But that we are already late, and this horse is like an untamed tiger, I would impale him on the spot. Speak to the dog, Mustapha! manage him!"

"Worthy Hebrew," said silky Mustapha, advancing, "apparently you are not aware that this is our lord Alschiroch. His highness would fain walk his horse through the burial-ground of thy excellent people, as he is obliged to repair, on urgent matters, to a holy santon, who sojourns on the other side of the hill, and time presses."

"If this be our lord Alschiroch, thou, doubtless, art his faithful slave Mustapha."

"I am, indeed, his poor slave. What, then, young master?"

"Deem thyself lucky that the gate is closed. It was but yesterday thou didst insult the sister of a servant of my house, I would not willingly sully my hands with such miserable blood as thine—but away, wretch, away?"

"Holy prophet! who is this dog?" exclaimed the astonished governor.

"'Tis the young Alroy," whispered Mustapha, who had not at first recognized him, he they call their prince—a most headstrong youth. My lord, we had better proceed."

"The young Alroy! I mark him. They must have a prince, too! The young Alroy! Well, let us away—and dog!" shouted Alschiroch, rising in his stirrups and shaking his hand with a threatening air, "dog, remember thy tribute!"

Alroy rushed to the gate, but the massy lock was slow to open; and ere he could succeed, the fiery steed had borne Alschiroch beyond pursuit.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GERTRUDE VON DER WERT.

A lady seeing her husband broken on the wheel.

Her hands were clasped, her dark eyes raised,
The breeze blew back her hair,
Up to the fearful wheel she gazed,
All that she loved was there.

The night was round her, clear and cold,
The Holy Heaven above,
And pale stars watching to behold
The might of earthly love.

"And bid me not depart," she cried,
"My Rudolph, say not so;
"This is no time to quit thy side,
"Peace! Peace! I cannot go.

"I have been with thee, in thine hour
"Of glory and of bliss,
"Trust you its memory's living power
"To strengthen me through this."

And were not these high words to flow
From woman's breaking heart?
Through all that night of bitterest woe,
She bore her lofty part.

But Oh! with such a glazing eye,
With such a curdling cheek,
Love, love, of mortal agony
Thou, only thou, shouldst speak.

The wind rose high, but with it rose
Her voice that he might hear;
Perchance that moment brought repose
To happy bosoms near.

While she sat struggling with despair
Beside his tortured form,
And pouring her deep soul in prayer
Forth on the raging storm.

She spread her mantle o'er his breast,
She bathed his lips in dew;
And on his cheeks such kisses pressed,
As hope and joy ne'er knew.

Oh lovely are ye, hope and faith;
Enduring to the last,
She had her meed—one smile in death,
And his worn spirit passed.

And while, o'er a martyr's grave,
She knelt on that sad spot,
She weeping blessed the God who gave
Strength to forsake it not.

NOT ALL DROSS.

BY E. W. TULLIDGE.

CHAPTER I.

THE DYING TRAVELER.

When mellow Summer, languishing to death,
Sighs on the field her ripe delicious breath;
When o'er the Season golden hue is spread,
And harvest trophies crown her dying head,
Returning Autumn with her train advance,
To lay the Summer in her yearly trance;
And, soft as infant's breath, Autumnal airs
Waft the sweet fragrance which the Summer bears,
And agitates the sweets with gentle breeze,
Which, rustling through the golden-tinted trees,
Sighs scented music, and each tender wave
Rolls peaceful requiem o'er the Summer's grave.
[*The Author's M. S.*

Back into the past till we reach the year seventeen hundred and ninety-seven. It was September—that month which might not inaptly be named the Poem of the year.

The reign of Autumn was fast spreading over the county of Somersetshire, England; and many a "sear and yellow leaf" met the eyes of the Dying Traveler as his family chariot wended its way on the road between Bath and Sherbourne.

He was languidly reclining in the spacious and soft-cushioned chariot; yet the eye at once took in the fact that he had been an exceedingly elegant and well-made man of about five feet eleven.

The sick Traveler's general appearance was that which so peculiarly characterizes the English gentleman of high birth; and, while he strongly showed the stamp of their proud caste, there could be seen in him, coupled with a high-toned and generous soul, that mild dignity and unostentatious manner, which have made the hereditary gentleman of England so exalted in the minds of the people above the middle-classes and money-ocracy of the land.

Our Dying Traveler was a fine specimen of that class, whose pride of character and family is not a barren representative of naked unadorned rank. He was a man of that quality of life and character who would be honored and loved by his tenantry, as much as that of some good baron of feudal times. In fact, in spite of the decline of his family, and the transfer of the estates of his ancestors into other hands, the loyal tenantry of his fathers still looked upon Lord Frederick D'Lacy as their hereditary head and the proper lord of what, for generations, had been the domains of the D'Lacy family.

A solitary foot-traveler had for several miles kept pace with the chariot of D'Lacy, as the horses trod gravely—almost solemnly along, like those who were accustomed to the funeral hearse. From time to time, he cast stealthily, sympathizing glances into the carriage upon the dying gentleman, wondering what could have so suddenly broken down so fine a form, of one whose age he mentally calculated at not more than twenty-seven years.

Nor was the wonder of the foot-traveler strange; for Lord Frederick had possessed a constitution as solid, comparatively, as the castle of his ancestors, and a frame as finely built; but, like the fortunes of his house, it had declined, and he was now at life's last ebb. He had recently conquered a fever; yet he was dying—conquered a fever in spite of his will—dying evidently not against his will!

A thoughtful little boy, of about five years of age, sat at the bottom of the carriage, with his little hands clinging, as with loving carresses, to his father's knee, and looking pleadingly into his parent's face, to catch his glance from time to time. The artless motive of the intelligent boy was to engage his sire's attention; for he instinctively understood that he was the link that chained his father to life.

Ever and anon, the dying man would arouse from his languishment to death, and with sudden energy start from the irresistable langor that stole upon him. Though too much exhausted, even by the very power that aroused him to caress his child, he would bestow upon him a glance of intense feeling and tenderness, which the little fellow would deplomatically answer, by taking the opportunity of holding his father for a time with his innocent prattle; but Lord Frederick would soon relapse into his languishing state, each time more exhausted by the efforts put forth in his battle with death.

"Papa! Dear papa!"

The child had grown anxious and frightened by the length of his father's last relapse.

"Papa! Dear papa!" the boy persisted, to bring himself to the consciousness of his father.

Lord Frederick with another effort again broke the spell of death, which e'er another day would be sealed upon his mortal life; and, turning his glance of tenderness and yearning upon his little son and heir to but little more than his father's name and noble character, he said smiling fondly:

"Well, what now do you want to prattle about to papa you little chatter-box?"

"Mama will come back soon! Don't leave Freddy to go for mama! Talk to Freddy papa, I'm *sure* mama will come back! Oh! I wish you would get well, and play with me like you did before they put mama into the naughty black coffin that frightened Freddy so."

That little orphan boy in black told a volume by the side of his dying father, with his infantine mystification upon Death, and the length of his dominion over those subject to his reign; and that motherless child told the cause of that shadow of anguish, which flitted from time to time across Lord Frederick's pale countenance. The dying man knew but too well that his little darling mortherless son would soon be also fatherless, and knew too that neither father or mother could come back to him in mortality from "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns."

The dying gentleman also felt that, had his beloved one remained, his powerful constitution would have conquered the fever that carried his wife to the grave; but his own loss and yearning for his beloved dead took from him the power to conquer for life and child. Death and life consumed him; and his self-reproach was from his consciousness that his son would soon be fatherless, because that father had lost the mother—his wife.

"Mama *will* come back to little Freddy and papa won't she?" urged the infant pleader with child-like eagerness of the power of a father to work every wonder. The innocent child evidently believed that, if papa remained, mama would come back again.

Lord Frederick was greatly moved by the simple faith of his son that upon the will of the father depended the coming back of the mother. He was stretched upon the very rack of torture by the realization of how much greater was the power of the memory of the dead to draw him to her sphere, leaving their child fatherless as well as motherless.

"Nurse said mama *would* come back," still persisted the artless motherless boy. "I'm *sure* she will, if God up in heaven will let her! I know mama can't stay away from little Freddy and papa! God will let her come back, won't He?"

The dying man could endure it no longer. With a mighty effort of his every mortal energy—with an intense yearning of his departing soul for his darling son—a yearning of his whole being as strong as though he had been the possessor of a giant's bodily strength, Lord Frederick caught his boy in his arms, and convulsively pressing him to his breaking heart burst into passionate sobs, while the child terrified by his father's tears clung crying around his neck. A week before, and this whole heart yearning for his son—this mighty effort of D'Lacy to remain with his motherless boy would have conquered Death at his very gates. But now no mortal prowess could win the battle—no human affection or yearning could hold him long to earth.

"Don't, don't cry papa!" the child said hushing his own sobs, to hush the strong ones of his dying father. "Don't cry papa," and he wiped with his infant hands the parent's tears. "Don't cry papa! and Freddy will be a good boy and let you go and fetch mama."

Thus did the simple unselfish spirit of the little one consent, for the first time, to his father's death, for he knew that papa was going away, because mama had gone before; and now, without understanding beyond a child's capacity the loss to his orphaned life, the little hero thus sacrificed himself for his parent—thus mercifully gave up his dying sire.

"My darling little one—thou child hero!" exclaimed his dying parent. "Father of the fatherless, more abundantly be to him in my stead."

The child kissed his sire with soothing fondness.

"God of Mercy," the dying man prayed, "had Thou spared his mother or had I not been struck down too—could I have borne a life heavy with the great burden of my lost one—full of yearning to be with her where parting shall be no more, and bursting with impatience to find the span of man's life so long; yet, for this sweet child's sake, I would have endured without a murmur. But O Giver of life and Decreer of death, I had not the power!"

"Freddy won't cry when you are gone to mama's new home," the little fellow said "Papa *must* go—mama wants him! You *can't* stay with little Freddy."

The intelligent boy had changed the direction of his power over his dying father. With an impulse of inborn honor, and truthfulness to his plighted word, which bespoke the character of the future man, the noble boy tried in his artless simplicity to comfort his parent with the belief that Freddy the orphan could get on very well without him.

"Talk to me about the good Sir Richard and baby Alice," the child coaxed deplomatically, to draw his sire into a summer prospect.

"O I do love so very much Sir Richard and baby Alice," continued the boy with sparkling eyes and pleasure, evidently from the memory of some delightful episode in his infant life.

"Shall I *always* have baby Alice to play with when you are gone to mama's new home up in heaven?"

The prospect and delight of the child, at having baby Alice to play with always, chased from his natural sunny spirit the last cloud. Thus it is with childhood's deepest impressions. Its heaviest calamities are like writing upon the sand, from which a child tripping along will efface a volume of sorrows, and his tiny foot will dance away a record of the direst events.

Slowly—slowly,—solemnly, solemnly

rolled the family chariot of the D'Lacy towards the ancestral home of Sir Richard Courtney, the lord of a noble estate in the county of Somersetshire. Mournfully, mournfully trod the intelligent steeds which had grown old in the service of the D'Lacys, and who from instinct and long association with man, had caught, perhaps, a ray of his intellect which told them that they were serving for the last time, the kind lord whose hand had so often caressed them. But he who drove them more fully knew that neither they nor he could go with him on that journey which he was about to take—the last journey of our mortality. Sorrowful, more sorrowful than seemed the steeds, that drew the chariot of the dying lord, was he who drove them, and who from time to time looked in upon his beloved master.

"I wish I was driving to my own grave," the old man muttered in a voice choked with grief, as he dashed away a tear with his hand.

"When he was no taller than my knee" —the old—now the only servant of the D'Lacys mused in a half crying under voice, as he ran back to the memory of days when not a cloud overhung the house whose lords he had served from a stable boy—"When he was no taller than my knee, he rode his fust hoss on crusty old George's back; when he were old enough to mount real hoss flesh 'twas old George taught him to ride with any boy in the county, and now 'tis old George that's drivin' him to another's house to die. I wish I were drivin' to my own grave, I do," said the old man blubbering like a child as he curbed the horses to a still slower pace, for he knew the place was near, where his dear young lord's death-bed was laid.

Slowly, more slowly,—solemnly, more solemnly rolled the family chariot of the D'Lacy, now on the lands of Sir Richard Courtney! mournfully, more mournfully trod the intelligent steeds towards the stately ancestral mansion of the dying lord Frederick's friend; and sorrowful, more sorrowful than before was the last remaining faithful old servant of the D'Lacys, as the chariot wended its way up the avenue of fine old English oaks that led to Courtney House.

CHAPTER II.

THE FRIENDS COMPACT.

Oh holy Friendship thou art most sublime
In darkest hour and thy soul-kindling light
Like the Electric glory best displays,
When black'ning clouds and thunders fill the sky
Nor pales except to sight in fairer day.
E. L. T. Harrison.

Night had hung her black mantle over the ancestral mansion of Sir Richard Courtney. The day which had been so serene and mellow saw at its close signs of the gathering thunder-storm. A mournful silence in that stately mansion for while Night had spread her dark drapery without Death had hung his sable pall within.

But the lightning flashed not in angry tokens of Heaven's displeasure upon the inmates of that lordly mansion nor did the rumbling thunder echo a warning voice from the Powers above forbidding the compact of the friends in the presence of Death. The loud-voiced storm of that night had no relation except of contrast to the peaceful flight of the soul of Sir Richard's friend, yet the night and its scenes laid a gentle awe within and the happy careless voices of the family and servants usually heard, were now hushed and the silence was broken only by minor tones; but they knew that the spirit of a good man was about to return in peace to Him who gave it, and for once even superstition found not its distorted imagination of warning and ill-omens conjured up by compacts and death on such a night.

Lord Frederick D'Lacy was in the last sweet sleep of his mortal life which stole over him after his arrival at the mansion of his friend where he understandingly had come to die. By his side sat Sir Richard Courtney—or to use the affectionate familiarity of their boyhood—his friend "Dick" whose love for the dying "Fred" was as the love of David for Jonathan.

When Lord Frederick arrived at Sir Richard's he was so exhausted that life scarcely remained and although he recognized his friend he was powerless to speak. A strengthening cordial was administered and the dying gentleman soon fell into a refreshing sleep upon the baronet's own bed where he directed his servants to lay his beloved friend.

He had slept nearly six hours for the journey though it much fatigued him made his sleep deeper and more refreshing. It was now about nine o'clock at night. By the bed of death Sir Richard had mournfully sat watching his friend and listening to the storm without which did not awe but served to deepen his meditation upon the memory of the past—the events which had consummated the ruin of the D'Lacy house and the will of that mysterious Power of good which had summoned the two dear ones of himself and friend who had stood together at the same marriage altar, and who had now also sent the dread message of Death to that friend himself.

"Life would have been even now in the fresh opened bud of our youth yet of those beloved ones who in that quiet village church on that blessed day when all seemed sunshine for many a cloudless year entered into holy marriage bonds which our young hearts had sanctioned—of them all I—I alone," murmurred Sir Richard, "shall ere to-morrow comes be left the last. Were it not for the many holy trusts committed to me, to which will soon be added this dear motherless fatherless boy, I could almost wish that Fred and I were about to stand again at the same altar—this time the altar above—to be united with our dear ones for ever."

The half wish of Sir Richard might be unorthodox, but in our fresh fond youth we all more or less hope for a re-union eternal in a better world with those we love on earth.

Lord Frederick moved gently—he was waking for the last time in mortal life. Sir Richard was ready to catch the first glance of consciousness of his dying friend for he knew that although he would awake renewed awhile his very moments were numbered.

"Dick—dear Dick! Thank Heaven I have lived to see you once more," fondly and gratefully murmured the dying gentleman as soon as he became conscious of the presence of his friend.

"Fred—dear Fred!" returned Sir Richard with great emotion as he knelt by the bed-side of Lord Frederick. "My best beloved friend!—Oh! brother of my soul that we should thus meet again!"

"'Tis not dear Dick the kind of visit I promised,—is it? I and my Agnes and our darling boy—but my wife—well I am going to her soon and I have come to leave our son with you dear Dick. Heaven willed it otherwise my brother—Heaven willed it otherwise!"

"That you should come to my ancestral home to die!" said Sir Richard mournfully.

"Why where could I better come to die old friend?" half cheerfully and with fond confidence replied Lord Frederick. "I fear not death; it has a prospect better now to me than life. Since my Agnes passed away I have longed to join her in a better sphere and I have come to spend the last moments of my life with the beloved brother that shared so many of its years with me."

"Would to God that many more remained for us to share together!"

"An eternity above dear Dick—friends—brothers forever when we meet where brotherhood is first, highest most enduring!"

"May the merciful Power grant it!" said the baronet reverently.

"My son I leave to your guardianship—my darling little one who has held me to life since his mother died—I could not—dared not pass away until I had placed him myself into your hands. Oh! to none but you my more than brother could I trust without a pang of agony my motherless fatherless boy."

"Not fatherless—not fatherless dear Fred!"

"Thank God no! He will lose his father but not be fatherless! 'Tis that assurance that takes the stiug from death."

"I will be a father to him even as though he were my first-born," said Sir Richard fervently.

"I know it—I know it!"

And the friends fondly clasped each others hand in expressive silence. In that silent communion of souls they understood the thoughts feelings and sublime mutual confidence in each other that moved them. Their language of sympathy was more expressive than vocal speech.

Lord Frederick broke the charm of silence by dreamingly observing:

"Does it not seem as though we were boys again. Since my Agnes passed away nearly all of this world has faded from my memory and become like the shadow of a dream; but there is one of earth's landscapes fresh and verdant still. It is that one Dick where stand our boyhood own friendship and the dear ones around that marriage altar. How happy we were then my brother—how long and pleasant was the path of life before us—how youthful the whole world appeared and how full of promise everything. You remember well that day?"

"Better than yesterday!" murmured Sir Richard.

"Both gone now—both gone like flowers too rare for earth. They are together now—sisters again. They are waiting us as on that day. Let us join them my brother. We'll go at once dear Dick, I am growing so weary to be gone."

The sob of Sir Richard recalled the wandering mind of his dying friend.

"There is a scene of our youth that bears upon the present and the future that I would recall dear Fred," observed the baronet recovering his composure; for he wished to arouse his friend from dreamy revery to matters leading to the future of their families and the fulfillment of dearly cherished compacts.

"That night in Rome Dear Fred—that sacred night in Rome! you remember my brother?"

"Remember—I have it always before me. I am here to die because of that night. I saw nothing on my journey here that did not conjure up that night—that holy compact. Yes 'twas in Rome."

"You remember the nature of that compact Fred?—The present?—the future?—ourselves?—the children?"

"Aye, word by word, item by item. I have come to you that all may be fulfilled, my brother." "Aye," he continued dreamily, "in Rome, grand old historic, Priestly, superstitious Rome! How fresh and

bold that scene comes back from the memory of the past, like reality repeated. The night was full of poetry high thoughts and generous sentiments. The soft sky of sunny Italy was eloquent with nature's tenderness, and the gentle zephyrs that fanned the uncovered heads of two youths were heard in the ruins of that old monastery like a vocal chorus sanctioning the vows of love and friendship. Together the youths enter those stately ruins as reverently as though they had been sons of the Church of Rome. Slowly and solemnly they approach the broken altar where they vowed a life-friendship which nothing should sever, and solemnly promised that should the fortunes of either become as that noble edifice—a ruin—they would foreswear all false pride and share as brothers. That condition you proposed dear Dick, and I am now assured you half foresaw the future."

"I remembered the threat of your enemy Fred, and strange on that night I felt a presentiment perhaps conjured up by the ruin of the grand historic pile in which we stood. I knew the sensitive pride of the D'Lacys which makes them liberal in conferring favors, but most poor and unwilling in receiving, and by the holy relation of friendship which to us stands as the highest and divinest relationship between man and man, I claimed a communism in each others future good or ill."

"I am here to fulfill that compact of our youth in all its bearings. For myself I come to claim a part of the inheritance of my brother—your family vault dear Dick! Let me rest awhile in that solemn mansion of your race to sleep with your ancestors."

"Would to God it were to live with their descendant until old age had ripened us both before being borne there. But why this strange request? My ancestors would welcome a D'Lacy to their last home, but what would yours say Fred?"

"Listen Dick, for my time is measured and my departing near. My ancestral home and estates have fallen into the hands of my enemy who, since I humbled him at school, has with his father, made our ruin the plot of his life."

"I will avenge you Fred!"

"Not so Dick. Fate willed to humble my race perhaps for their pride; for their pride was their greatest sin. My enemy and his father were but instruments to the end, and my good old grandsire and Lord Reginald my father, opened the door for the supplanting of my house; but I have a prophetic whispering within me that by some means the D'Lacy estates will be recovered. You know they are redeemable and though the mortgage and the interest cover them, yet the debt paid and they return to my son or his children. Nominally the D'Lacys still hold their inheritance."

"I will see the debt wiped off if Providence spares me," said Sir Richard. "And now for the union of our children, for in that much of the future lies which may restore your house united with mine. On that night we fondly vowed, as a part of our solemn compact, that should Heaven bless us with children we would unite our races, providing our purpose did not outrage their own free choice, if out of the association which we would form their young hearts taught them mutual love, nothing on earth should be our dearer aim."

"What is more likely now that their young days will be entwined? Heaven grant the consummation!" earnestly exclaimed Lord Frederick.

"Amen, my brother!" responded his friend.

"I shall die at least with the blessed prospect that you will be the father indeed of my orphaned boy, and that our friendship will be perpetuated in the love of our children. My darling Fred and your angel-baby, as he named her—yes, should they love, our compact in that old monastery will be fulfilled!"

"In the awful presence of Death be it renewed between us, my brother!" silently said Sir Richard, with uplifted hands.

"As I near the other world the future brightens. 'Twill be fulfilled, dear Dick. The compact of our youth will re-build the D'Lacy house and our common offspring be its future lords."

The flickering lamp of life was burning low again no more to be revived, which admonished Lord Frederick to dispatch the remaining business of this world and commit his soul to the care of his Maker.

"One matter more, Richard, and then one last embrace of my darling son and blessing for your family."

"Name your last request and it shall be answered if your friend has the power dear Fred."

"Should the D'Lacy estates be redeemed, then remove me from the last resting-place of your race and lay me beside my ancestors."

Sir Richard promised and then summoned his family. He returned to the chamber of death leading the orphan "Freddy" and "baby Alice," now a year older than when the boy last saw her. Following was young Walter Templar, a dark intellectual youth of about seven years of age with his cousin of a similar type, Eleaner Courtney. Lady Templar brought up the rear of the family. But one unbidden entered that chamber of death. It was old George—the faithful last remaining servant of the D'Lacys. No one questioned the old man's right in that death chamber, as he stood just inside the room like a faithful watch dog, longing yet fearing to approach to lick its master's hand; his dying master hearing his sobs, called him by the familiar name of old Fidelity, and bid him to his bed-side.

The last affecting chapter of man's relationship with this world was passed and Sir Richard was again alone with his dying friend. No High Priest was in that chamber of death to support the D'Lacy in mortality's last moments; but one was there who had received the consecration of a holier unction than that which Canbury's priestly head could give—Friendship had consecrated him for the service. No Divine of England's Church, to which they both belonged, knelt by that bed of death to read its prayers for departing souls, but one knelt there who, as the soul of Lord Frederick departed, sent up to the Receiver of the spirits of the just a petition eloquent and powerful from friendship's inspiration.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

UNCLE JACOB'S BIRTHDAY.

A STORY FOUNDED UPON THE FACTS OF REAL LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

UNCLE JACOB'S PRESENTIMENT.

"Truth is stranger than fiction."

It is Uncle Jacob's birth-day. Uncle Jacob considers himself a passable chap; not more than tollolish, perhaps, still passable when allowed to pass along without his friends throwing too many rotten eggs at him. He is a leetle humpish it must be admitted, and is considered by some to be a leetle crooked in his notions, but he is also a leetle King Dickish in satirizing his figure in his own looking-glass. That privilege of course we will allow him; but he holds the horrid notion that the majority of your good looking folks have as many humps on their backs as himself; only, he suggests, they do an awful lot of padding.

Uncle Jacob lives on the bench in the Twentieth Ward, and he has an excellent opinion and the most brotherly feelings for the many good members of the Sharp professional family rapidly springing up in his Ward. He don't claim to be a too good member himself of the Sharp family, still, he hopes his heart is not altogether in the wrong place. In fact, an illustrious and highly valued friend of his, suggests, that he has not a heart disease at all, but simply fever on the brain. He recommends Uncle Jacob to apply a poultice to his head to draw out the fever, doubtless also, calculating that it will "pitch" the swelling as well. Uncle Jacob thinks the advice very good, and in turn recommends it to a vast number of other people.

It was the birth-day then of Uncle Jacob and a few of his friends had gathered to celebrate a day which had ever been eventful in his history.

In the centre of the room is a table, and on it two jugs. In the one is home-made wine and in the other frothed home-brewed beer.

His friends had just drank to the birth-day of Uncle Jacob and a speech was looked for with breathless attention. He arose to his feet; he opened his mouth to speak, and his friends and relations opened their mouths to drink down his words. Uncle Jacob could talk a bit when warmed up, and now he was full of matter and liquid eloquence. A pin could have been heard drop—heard distinctly, so distinct was the silence which reigned as Uncle Jacob began, in language prophetic:

"I know there's something going to happen! I feel it here—and here—and here!" and he placed his hand first to his heart with exquisite dramatic emotion, then to his head with frantic action of a romantic young man which strongly illustrated the soundness of his esteemed friend's advice about the poultice, and lastly he clutched his throat as though something too big

for speech was choking him, making what would have been a fine *tableau* in the "Charcoal Burner." Conquering his emotion of some shadowy foreboding, for coming events don't cast more than their shadows before, Uncle Jacob continued in a solemn sepulcheral voice:

"Yes, I know there's something going to happen! You all remember the play of Old Phil's Birthday? Strange coincidence of my own! I might say, a most strange coincidence! Like him *I* was also born on the aniversary of my birthday. Very strange coincidence I repeat! On my birth-day, I may further say, all the great events of my life have transpired, and I believe that were I to live till doomsday, the world would come to an end on the day when I was born. No, I don't exactly mean the identical day on which I was born years ago, but the day on which I was born, some years to come. No, that is not exactly it either, I mean the day on which I wasn't born some years to come. No, I mean the day that I might have been born. Pshaw! I mean—damn it, I don't know what I mean! but I feel from the crown of my head to the toes of my feet that something dreadful is going to happen!

Uncle Jacob again broke off overpowered with the intensity of his emotion; brother Ephram begged him to take his chair, and proposed to pass the ominous night in relating what had taken place on their birth-days which would resemble the good old custom of praying the old year out and the new year in. If nothing occurred between that and midnight the company would retire with the assurance that Uncle Jacob's presentments were groundless. We must here leave them and away with our readers to another part of the city.

CHAPTER II.

THE WEALTHY GILDER.

Imagine yourselves with us gentle readers looking in the face a massive costly mansion. Don't ask us to give to it "a local habitation and a name," but be satisfied to know that it is the mansion of a wealthy gilder, who has gilded his house all over, inside and out, like a confectioner would his gingerbread.

Enter with us the mansion "kivered" all over with gold-leaf and see the inside more gold-leafish than the outside. The wealthy gilder makes his *entree*—the Elephant is before us! All the rest of the establishment are out, but he is at home and practising for private theatricals to be performed by himself and his gold-leaf boys: the master, of course, is to play the principal character. The nature of the piece was somewhat of an extravaganza: in fact, it was very much somewhatish that way. The subject was the wealthy gilder's own magnificence, what helped to make him the Elephant, and how he intended to behave himself in the future to keep in that character. He begins his rehersal:

"Come all ye folkses from the North and South
And listen to the wisdom from the Goldens Gilder's mouth.

[Parenthetical: "I like that second line."]

"Come all ye nations past, present and to come by-and-bye from every where
And pay your money and take your seat and behold the Elephant jist here.
Look at my palace drest like Christmas beef
And see it kivered all over so very fine with gold-leaf."

[Parenthetical again: "That word *fine* is a fine word, it was taken from the theatrical notices."

"Come all ye Scribes and Pharisees wot takes respectable places in the Synagogue
And see the Elephant jump out so clean from a nasty muddy bog:
I'm just going to repent of getting gold-leaf from that blackguard Uncle Sam
And when I kicks the bucket, I shall go right straight up into the bosom of ABRAM,
Not old Abe, down east, for I'm going to drop him right short there
For he once led me into a mess for doing what I was told not to do right here."

CHAPTER III.

THE BASKET OF FRUIT.

It is known from Dan to Beersheba located somewhere in Utah, though we don't know exactly where—still we do know that it *is known* from Dan to Beersheba that in the Twentieth Ward the choicest fruit is grown and picked. Now there had been sent to the gilder on Brother Jacob's birth-day, a basket of the choicest fruit grown upon the bench. But, before following the boy with the basket of delicious fruit and the catastrophe of its reception by the Gilder, we must touch upon a few items in which is the pith and moral of our story.

The Gilder had been on the most affectionate terms with an old gentleman of some social standing, called Uncle Samuel. He had done extensive business with him, and it is a current fact that he had received more gold leaf from the old gentleman's establishment than all the rest of the gilders in Salt Lake City. In fact he once had quite a monopoly from him. Uncle Samuel's houshold had been, in the eyes of the wealthy gilder, the best looking men in the world. Indeed these relations have tended much to make him what, at the date of our story he was, the golden Gilder. But now comes the wonderful transformation scene, so becoming in an extravaganza, now comes an illustrious example that the "regeneration" of Utah is no humbug. Surely coming events do cast their shadows before!

The gilder had been converted from the error of his ways! Most virtuously gold-leafish was the spirit that wrestled with him and brought him to the penitent seat. There he groaned, groans that the simple-minded, ignorant of the genuineness of humbug, would have sworn to be groans no man could utter, and there he wept tears which as they fell upon the repentant form rolled out into the shape and color of gold leaves. These tears, which had been so miraculously transmuted, were carefully collected by the gold-leaf boys, the morning after their master was "born again," and they were nicely spread out into a consecrated gold-leaf book and deposited in an iron safe. The gilder intends to transmit to his posterity this wonderful gold-leaf book as an heir-loom and miraculous testimony that their sire was made a genuine new "critter."

Now, Brother Jacob had heard of these things which had come to pass, and this cynical man muttered something about he couldn't see it, and it is the private opinion of an intimate friend that he did once mutter—humbug!

There was, however, one interestingly funny particular of which Brother Jacob had not as yet heard, and hence he had innocently sent to the Gilder as a present the basket of delicious fruit grown upon the bench. Be it further known, then, to our readers what became further known to Brother Jacob, that the Gilder in a virtuously gold-leafish moment had vowed that though he had got fat as prize Christmas beef by eating fruit grown upon the bench he never would eat any more fruit from that quarter. This vow he honestly acknowedged, *to himself*, was not because he disliked the delicious flavor of bench fruit, but because the establishment of Uncle Samuel on the bench had ceased to be his best market for gold leaf, and therefore, in his virtuous disgust at that gold-leafishly abominable fact he would neither touch, taste, nor handle, nor look at anything except with the most *genuinest* of horror, produced within exactly two miles and one quarter of Uncle Samuel's unrespectable establishment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OUR TITLE.

This morning we herald forth to the world the first number of the PEEP O'DAY, a title by which we by no means refer to any supposed light about to be shed by our individual efforts on a darkened world, but to the dawning of a brighter civilization which will spread its glorifying influence over the earth.

We are great believers, in what Carlyle would call, the "Latter Day Glory," not simply because Mormon teachings have led our bedazzled imaginations to look for a future millennial splendor; but, as much as anything, because, the hard facts of history, as we will endeavor to show, point undeviatingly that way.

From a condition of wandering tribes dwelling in tents, the world was introduced to the forms peculiar to organized cities and communities, and were taught the simplest outlines of social life, by the raising up of the great Egyptian Empire. One great Empire then succeeded another, each teaching in its experience and history some principal of governmental control, or displaying some phase of the necessities of national life, Rough, Rugged and Barbaric, it is true. While these progressive movements were occupying the main world, the great Jewish Theocracy, in a corner by itself, was producing, in the lives of its prophets and law-givers, many sublime and ennobling doctrines, necessary to be interwoven into the faith and practice of all future civilized life.

Society, then received a mighty upheaval—Greece and Rome arose! Two great national apostles of order and beauty were they; one to lay a foundation for the world's civil code, and the other to teach the principles of art and beauty. While they were impressing society with their higher forms of civilized life, as conceived in the hearts of their sons by the Almighty, thus developing man intellectually, Jesus, the Great Teacher, in another part of this same globe was establishing the doctrines of a purer life, and teaching the great principles that regulate the heart.

But before intellectual liberty can be properly appreciated or judiciously enjoyed, the opposite—a time of intellectual bondage—must be felt. Hence, the great spiritual despotism arose. This brought out the disciples of liberty in every land. Huss, Wickliffe, Calvin and Luther appear to do battle for humanity. Still further developers and consolidators of liberty arise, each in their turn breaking down some tyrannical institution, under which, in the providence of God, they had intentonally been made to smart.

The Invisible Finger then sends Columbus across the seas, to open the new continent unsoiled by King-craft. Here, on new ground, the children of a providence, prepared by their past experience for the business, and inspired for the occasion, give birth to principles which, accepted by a nation, lay the broadest platform of all for civil and social life.

While so much was thus being done, with an eye to the great future in civil and social matters, the world was being developed to perfection in the arts of music, sculpture, painting, etc. Greece and Rome had left behind them their conceptions to swell the perfections of the great culminating Latter Day period. Italy came out as the apostle of song, and spread the influence of music abroad. Germany took up metaphysics and theory, while the great practical sciences were grasped by England and America; and thus the work of preparing for an age, in which all that is good, great and glorious of all previous ages should be culminated in one majestic civilization, went unconsciously but swiftly along.

And now what of our time? The currents of thought are broken up and sent flooding over the world Movements abound; each seeking to bring to the birth something higher and holier than before, among which the voluntary gathering of over sixty thousand people from all parts of the earth, leaving father, mother and all,—the joyous attractions of home and country—with the avowed intention of building up, in an almost trackless desert, a higher state of society, whether illusion or not, is still the mightest token of all. It is true that many of the humanizing efforts of our times fail before the greatness of the task attempted; yet great and small indicating still the purpose of the overruling hand. Like a multitude of widely scattered volcanic eruptions prove the existence of some mighty subterraneous force, seeking to get vent, so these manifold manifestations of the yearnings of society for something better—something higher and holier—proves that the great better is coming, towards which the Invisible Force is driving the whole.

It is a grand thought that the world never has apostatized from the great purpose of its Director. Temporary and partial apostacies have, it is true, prevailed; particular principles have temporarily been submerged. God always works by opposites. The extreme of the papacy gave birth to protestant liberty. English tyrany planted in mens minds the conception of the American Constitution; and so of every form of corruption. Society, like a gladiator, has stepped back; but it has always been to plant the heavier blow. It has occasionally rolled back, like the waves from the beach, but to return with redoubled force and vigor higher up the shore. The great building of humanity was commenced with man, and the work has never been but temporally laid aside. All apostles, all reformers, all inventors have toiled their day upon its walls. The foundation has been laid, the pillars have been reared, and shall not the cap-stone come?

And now for the grand argument of the whole; inasmuch as in the past history better has always, in the long run succeeded better, better is therefore still to come. Let every heart rejoice, society moves upward, under the hand of the controlling God. If every past age has been toiling to produce something to enlarge man's mind, to direct his heart, to enrich his genius, to charm his taste, to cultivate his rich invention or artistic skill, depend upon it there is an age coming that will use them all.

Upon the threshhold of that age we stand! Of that all comprising, all culminating era of civilization, Truth, Art, Science and Immortality, we behold the dawn; a dawn gently rising on every nation, kindred and tongue, so manifestly clear, so innocently bright, that every one whose reflecting eye is turned towards its glorious uprising, will say with us—HAIL TO THE PEEP O' DAY. H.

PURE BENEVOLENCE.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen"

No one credits what a world of help this really is. Some amiable gentlemen of this city, with a view, of course, towards increasing our subscription list, have generously saved us the trouble and expense of advertising, by going round—unknown to us—under the pretence of being opposed to our paper. Knowing the principle of opposition that dwells in human nature, they have hit upon this expedient as the best method of helping us, fully calculating, that, human, like pig-nature, will always go the contrary way to the one you pull it. In his enthusiasm in our cause, one of these persons went so far as to say some very hard things about our unborn sheet, and did it so naturally,

too, that it was taken for a real expression of his feelings. Others more delicate, contented themselves with simply intimating, all round, that, by the nature of the privileges they enjoyed, they had mysteriously arrived at a knowledge of a grand preparation for incontinently squashing us up, as soon as we should be born.

Now some ignorant people would call this meanness! Nonsense. Nothing of the sort. It was merely an underhanded way of doing good! These friends being of a sensitive turn of mind, and not wishing to appear to obtrude their services upon us, have taken this very delicate way of working for our interest. "Let not your right hand know what your left hand doeth," was *preached* many hundreds of years ago, but it was reserved for this age to *practice* it! Would any of the ancients have ever thought of doing a kindness in such a well-concealed manner? Certainly not. Then here's an age of progress!

But some who are opposed to allowing so much credit to our friends, will say, we hired them, the scheme has worked so well. Gentlemen we say—our right hand pressed modestly upon our shirt bosom—we admit this method of advertising has increased our subscription list, we acknowledge the compliment, we are, of course, smart, but not enough for that. We back gracefully out, and leave the honors to fall on the generous beings, who, for our sakes braved the storm they knew must be met in appearing to oppose THE PEEP O' DAY.

Gentlemen you have our thanks. With tearful eyes directed to our subscription list, we say—imagine a pair of parental hands about two feet above your head, trembling to low music from Professor Thomas' fiddles—and consider you have our blessing.

A STORM IN A TEA-CUP.

LETTER FROM DAVID CANDLAND, ESQ.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY,
August 12th, 1864.

MESSRS. EDITORS, "PEEP O' DAY,"

Sirs:—At the time of my subscribing to your Prospectus for the issuing of the above periodical, I presumed it, as it promised, was to be conducted by Latter Day Saint Elders; I would therefore encourage it by my subscription, as a developer and educator of the people. *But* when it has to resort to a Pandemonium for its publishing place, and its Editors so far forget themselves as to resort to an avowed enemy to them, and the people of whom THEY form so *small* a part, for its publication; I respectfully decline and wish my name withdrawn from the Subscription List.

DAVID CANDLAND.

"Messrs. Editors, PEEP O' DAY, Camp Douglas."

It is a matter of serious regret with us that we have to present our readers with so lamentable a specimen of bad feeling, as the above unfortunate composition. Our only apology for so doing is the opportunity it affords for correctly defining our true position. In reply, then, to its virulent contents, let us say in the first place—this letter to the contrary notwithstanding—the PEEP O' DAY is, and will be, published in no "pandemonium," unless such can be found in the 20th ward of Great Salt Lake City.

But, as in the confusion of ideas, which usually attends bluster, (see Dr. Hall on brain diseases) our correspondent has confounded the editing and publishing of a paper, which usually go together, with the printing of it which is usually a separate affair, we will further say that, while this paper will be EDITED and PUBLISHED by ourselves alone, in the 20TH WARD of Salt Lake City, the printing, like any other commercial business will be done where we can be best served. We are quite aware that no intelligent person will care how the mechanical portion of this paper is got together, knowing it to be none of their business; but, for the information of our friends who may be curious, we will say that, on the first starting of the enterprise, an unreserved offer of the whole of the printing was made, first to the *Deseret News*, next to the *Daily Telegraph* and lastly to the *Farmers Oracle*. A lack of materials or some necessary convenience, as stated, prevented them from accepting our offer. Nearly a month was spent unceasingly on these efforts, for we were determined, if possible, to honor our own institutions. Finally we obtained, on very generous terms, the use of the press on which this magazine is now printed. As to the wrathy intimation of our melodramatic correspondent of a collusion of our paper with parties or views antagonistic to this people, we have simply to say, we are as much opposed as our correspondent, and possibly more so, to anything opposed to this community. Where any one takes a course of this kind, they alone and not we, are responsible for it. We intend the PEEP O' DAY to be an independent paper. Independent of, but courteous to one and all. We hold ourselves unbound to endorse the views of any paper in City or Camp. No existing paper, of any name, has anything to do with us, or we with them. We shall publish our own views, and what they are very many of the inhabitants of this Territory, by personal acquaintanceship, know full well.

As to the success of our paper, we expect to stand or fall upon its own merits, and not upon the question where we get our type. We might as well be asked where we purchased our pens!—We are before the public, as editors; and all sensible persons will judge us by the sentiments and spirit we diffuse, and by that alone.

In conclusion, we beg our readers not to accept the epistle at the head of this article—which circumstances have compelled us to notice—as any representation of the views by the great Mormon community, respecting the world outside our faith. However foolishly individual Mormons may act; "Mormonism,"—such as we have learned from boyhood—is a wide and glorious system, that claims all Arts, all Sciences, and all Literature as its own, and accords to all who in anyway promote them, thanks, gratitude and honor, so long as they do it honestly.

MIRIAM ALROY.

We present, in this our first number, Benjamin D'Israeli's great historical tale of the "Jewish Captivity." It will be found intensely interesting as the tale unfolds itself. It seems that the Jews, always jealous of their national existence—for which, perhaps, they have contended more fiercely than any other people—maintained among themselves at the date of our story, and while yet under foreign rule, a semblance of their ancient government; persisting in ruling themselves by one of their own blood, styled "the Prince of the Captivity," who was chosen from the royal house of David. The intense ambition and mighty struggles, of one of these sons of David, to replace the ancient people in Jerusalem—their former home—and thus fulfill the prophecys—a destiny which many descendants of the chosen race, besides David Alroy, at various times, had believed they were inspired to fulfill—forms the subject of Mr. D'Israeli's story. We shall review the characters drawn as we pass along.

THE "DORGS" OF SALT LAKE CITY.

A TALE OF THE LOWER WARDS.

We believe it was Byron—anyway it was somebody given to "turn-down collars," who once pathetically said:

"'Tis sweet to hear the watchdogs honest bark,
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as you draw near home."

Now, this is a lovely sentiment—in fact a most bewitching sentiment; but we think there is one provision that ought to be made, and that is, that the dog be your own, and that he don't bite his name in the calf of your leg before he finds out who it is, that is coming home.

We wish to narrate our experience to a sympathizing public. It is perhaps not generally known that we have courted "some" in our time, on which occasion—a thing quite unusual with writers we believe—we have gallantly volunteered to accompany Mary Jane, or Betsy Clara, to her paternal abode.

Having done this without tumbling into more than ten of our city ditches and getting to paternal abode with those articles of dress,—which we would rather die than name—perfectly dry, that is above the knees; we have allowed ourselves to be beguiled by Mary Jane—quite against our will of course—into stopping in her bewitching society, till the belt of Orion, and a few other starry combinations, have appeared above our eastern range. In the raptures of our parting with our Mary, we have entirely forgotten, that we have to repass by fifty lots, each guarded by as many vigilant mastiffs—of a heart rendingly faithful breed—before we can reach that lot, on which our lot is cast.

Hardly has the door closed on the beauteous form of Mary Jane, or Betsy Clara (we used to visit them alternately not being quite sure which we would have) and we turned to retrace our steps to our solitary abode, there to dream of her—either one—so angelic, that there was music in the very way she used to shut the door on us—before some unhappy cur, disturbed in his first nap, growled his anguish of soul within twenty feet of our exhilarated heels. Breathing low, and softly tripping to the other side; with one eye glaringly fixed on the locality of the growl, and the other boring through the obscurity vainly endeavoring to discern our road, imagining all the time that we feel the whiskers of cur No. 1 rubbing against our legs; so precipitate is our flight, that one moment finds us tripping up over the roots of a dissipated old cottonwood tree, and the next, floundering amidst the peaceful flow of a main water sect. Hardly have we time to bless our stars, before our number Two who lives opposite to number one, and is on friendly terms with him, hearing our movements, vents his dislike in a dreadful lower G. This further annoyance to the repose of number one, so enrages him that he flies to his gate, and appears to be tearing it all to pieces in vain endeavors to get at us.

Wild with excitement, we scramble to our feet, and rush to the middle of the road. To our horror we find that number One and Two, have awakened up all the rest of the dogs on the block, who are all melifluously howling in concert. Inwardly swearing we will buy a revolver to-morrow—swearing that never, never, will we come that darned road again; we cry in the anguish of our souls, "Oh Mary Jane what are we suffering on your account;" and fleetly like an overrun pickpocket arrive at the end of the block. But oh, merciful providence! All the dogs on the next block are just stirring!! Dogs in the day time feeling themselves safe behind their respective fences, are usually remarkably amiable to passers-by—everybody knows that. But fourteen dogs unduly aroused in the night, as these were, and without the least idea what in the world they were aroused for, and hearing fourteen other dogs swearing at them and each other; could only take it up as the most natural of ideas, that the world was coming to an end and yelp accordingly.

Wishing it was light—wishing we had a stick—wishing we had eyes in the back of our head as well as some in the sides, we clutch a rock and steal along. Yelps all around, yelps now at the gates—now under the fence—now in the middle of the road behind—now we can swear coming towards us in front. Our heart beating, and our eyes glaring, we pass from block to block, awaking all these useful and ornamental beasts, as we go. We arrive within four blocks of Main street, where four loose dogs, mistaking us for stray cattle, and thinking it a fine chance for a spree, and furthermore encouraged by the howling of the rest of their tribe, rush at us from behind; and we perform the rest of our journey walking backwards, fiercely pitching stray rocks and shaking our clenched fists at our opponents, whom we alternately address as "poor fellows" and "cussed devils," "get out," faint echoes of our united progress awaking in distants parts of the city as we go. We are uneaten by this time alone, because the rest of the wretches have made so much noise, that none can tell very clearly, where on earth to come to. And thus we escape martyrdom for Mary Jane and Betsy Clara.

We arrive at home at last, and dream all night of dogs. Dogs under our pillows. Dogs under our bed—dogs everywhere. We awake and clutch our pen. We will write to the City Council—they put down every nuisance. Stop, the PEEP O' DAY is coming out and we will publish our griefs in the first number. And here we are, and now, unless this dog nuisance is stopped, we solemnly warn the City Council, there will be one marriage less in Salt Lake City, for as we'll never go home that road with that girl again—Mary Jane and we will never come to terms. QUIZ.

THEATRICAL REVIEW.

The development of the dramatic art in our midst forms a page of social and popular progress. It could be predicted, *a priori*, that by its side would spring up musical and literary movements, and in their wake popular movements of every kind would follow.

When that national theatre of the Mormons first lifted its stately form, as a fact in the social and intellectual unfolding of this people, we said, "There is a gigantic prophecy materialized to the senses." The house was large in its external, and magnificent in its internal. So much the best; for it prophesied the louder, and the people understood its vernacular tongue better than they could its metaphysical speech. It prophesied of popular progress, the birth of the arts and the establishment of the professions. Figuratively speaking, that magnificent theatre of ours was an organ of the people, published for them by President Young. There they select their own favorites; there they express their own taste; there they applaud that which they think deserving. The theatre was not a religious house, but a secular public institution—a temple of art; and art is universalian. Be an audience as varied in their religions and politics as Joseph's coat of many colors; and, if they possess a cultivated taste, they will express a common admiration and pleasure. You shall see a Gentile house make a Mormon *artiste* the favorite, and a Mormon public flock to witness good professional performances. The meaning of appearing before the public in the arena of art the management soon appreciated. Much attention and cost were lavished in putting the plays upon the stage, graced with exquisite pictorial illustrations and scenic splendor, for this with an immense command of means and facilities was much easier to the management than to fill the parts with first class *artistes*. Indeed theatricals, even in our professional-looking house, started with a purely amateur *corps*, with Mr. John T. Caine as its leading member. This gentleman has since given up

first parts to Mr. McKenzie and professional actors, and has made himself very efficient in the more dignified character of manager, playing in the company less to star in a part than for the general effectiveness of the whole. This is a mark of good judgment and correct self-appreciation, for in the long run he would be certain to find many to eclipse his glory, especially after our theatrical heavens shall have been bespangled with professional stars, he always could hold a first position in the management and not lose caste in the body of a play. Great heaven how often do even leading men with abilities to rule a nation and capacity to legislate for an empire put themselves in parts in life where a common laborer could overmatch them and your veriest vagabond that travels with a show eclipse their glory. All the crowned heads of Europe could not have furnished in their own persons, a company of actors to tread the boards by the side of the dramatic *corps* of old Richardson's Booth; nor have shone as stars in the same firmament with those luminaries who perchance first shot out to public gaze in a "penny gaff" or a country barn. They have been your Edmund Keans!

While it would be too partial to say the Management has committed no errors, it may without reserve be affirmed that it has displayed on the whole excellent judgment, and not only has the most efficient caste been designed, but the most fitting and laborious members of the Association have won the best parts and leading characters. The members of the Association stand to-day classified and ranked pretty much in the places where their own talents, study and industry have marked out for them. Once fairly upon the public stage of art, in any of its branches, and all will most certainly find their level. It is when they cannot reach the public eye in the fitting place to appeal to the public judgment, that the possessors of excellent gifts and fine artistic finish do not take their proper place. There is nothing in the world more severely just and omnipotent, than the public judgment pronouncing itself upon the *artiste* upon the stage, either in opera or the plain drama. The public everywhere choose their own favorites, and Managers everywhere accept them. The reasons are too clear to need a pointing out.

The members of our Deseret Dramatic Association have had the chance of taking their own places and finding their own level. Let those who think differently take for an example Mr. David McKenzie. Now, among regular professionals of the stage where the numerous dramatic *corps* are found organized with much completeness and classified with the nicety of managers studying profoundly the condition of their exchequers, we own that it requires much perseverance, artistic training and slow progress, besides natural talent for actors and actresses to find their level. Why, not even by their equals may your Garricks, your Kembles, your Siddonses, your Keans, your Macreadys and your Forrests be displaced. Could their doubles come they would have to wait until their originals were dead before they could find their level and take their places. But, it is very different with our Deseret Dramatic Association, when all were as on probationary examinations before the public, to have pointed out their proper places and receive their diplomas and their due degrees. For instance, it is most evident that had any of the lady candidates proved equal to fill principal places, not even yet filled, ample opportunities have been offered. Indeed the Management have necessarily somewhat trespassed upon the consideration of the public in their good-natured trials of lady amateurs. These facts should at once be significant hints and encouragement to aspiring members of our Dramatic Association, and they should remember that in every profession much labor and training, as well as talent, are necessary for excellence and eminence.

Since their *debut* in our theatre the Association has made much improvement, and some of its members have written their marks and stamped their individualities. Our comicalities of the company were the first to classify themselves, and Margetts, Dunbar and others, became decided portraits and distinctive caricatures. The professional element has also been introduced, and moreover, even the Association itself has put on somewhat of a professional character and show features of the professional face. Doubtless this mixing of our home talent with trained and legitimate *artistes* has tended much to the training and accomplishments of our amateur *corps*, and created both for the theatre and the company, a professional character. In time both will assume a professional caste, and its amateur type be only remembered as forming the first pages in the history of theatricals in Utah.

The professional element having been once introduced in the persons of Mr. Lyne and the Irwins it was not enough that the plays should be put upon the stage in that solid magnificence and pictorial illustration which has so delighted everybody, but the public looked to see the dramatic *corps* show the features and style of the profession. It was a mixed house in the first place, and in the second, theatricals here are commercially the same as everywhere else, and the public had payed for admission to a first class looking theatre; what wonder then that it should almost ignore the fact that an amateur company were on the boards. The Management has had to nicely calculate this and make both the theatre and the company as professional in their character as possible. This has been partly effected by the mixing of foreign *artistes* with home talent, and partly by the style and completeness with which the plays have been put upon the boards.

Even the most good-natured in a Ward meeting become most unmercifully critical and sourly inconsiderate in a theatre—aye, even to our very Bishops; for the public are in a secular house for artistic exhibition and not in a tabernacle or religious temple. Not even is justice done an amateur *corps*, and we never expect to be so generally censured for critical severity as we were by the public for too much praise and considerate wording of our criticisms last year. We have a painful sympathy for the writers of the theatrical notices and descriptions, found in the *Deseret News* and *Daily Telegraph*. The public ranks them, as of course it will ours frightfully below the mark; and doubtless the Dramatic Association puts them twenty degrees lower still. There is nothing that concerns any one excepting praise, and that soon gets stale and meaningless, and it would be quite a relief to the members to have the public view. It would preserve them from *ennui*. There are only one or two occasionally for whom they possess interest. Sister Marion when her "cadence" is touched of course is interested, and brother Hardy who was rather stiltish upon the stage in *his first appearance*, is also doubtless a good natured subject to offer upon the altar. But great Jupiter, and all the other heathen Gods, why select sister Marion when this same defect of cadence and modulation is one of the most noticeable defects of the Association generally.

The most marked individuality yet offered by the Association from its own *corps* is Mr. David McKenzie. This gentleman is by natural instincts an *artiste*. In the public judgment he took the laurels from Mr. Irwin, a professional actor, and obtained first parts for himself. Mr. Lyne is an actor of the old school, of great experience, and no mean standing. In fact in his *role* he is a power upon the stage in Salt Lake City, yet Mr. McKenzie held his ground with him in "Damon and Pythias." The most striking personality, however, and the most refined and finished *artiste* that has yet appeared before the theatrical world in Utah, is Mr. Geo. Pauncefort.

ALPHA.

Notes of the Week.

BY QUIZ.

Our regular reporter of the weeks news being out, we have had to employ "Quiz." We told him to get the notes up in the *regular form*, and the fellow has sent us the following:

CITY IMPROVEMENTS.—Our readers will be glad to learn that Tompkin's magnificent structure is fast approaching completion—no less that two bricks were laid yesterday! On this startling news being communicated to the architect, he was so overcome that he declared that nothing less than a dinner at Jno. R. Clawson's could possibly revive him.

IMPORTANT TO THE HISTORIANS OFFICE.—A week or two back a most remarkable occurrence took place—we chronicle it with delight—two editors of this city had a good dinner!! They were so surprised at this (to editors) unusual occurrence (we should have been equally surprised had we been present) that each published immediately a full account of this strange affair. Scarcely had we read the account of this glorious feast before we were seized with an insatiate desire to become editors ourselves. They appear to have partaken of about fourteen kinds of entree dishes, ten sorts of soups, fifteen kinds of vegetables, and twenty-four descriptions of pastry; besides drinking an unbelievable quantity of ginger beer and lemonade. We believe this to be the first great impetus that literature has received in this country. We shall paste both descriptions of that diuner on our fire screen, and when anybody says Utah don't patronize literature and the fine arts, we'll point the slanderer to that dinner and silence him for ever.

Thinkers Department.

UNDER this heading will be presented any novel or original views concerning God, the Universe, or Mankind: not binding ourselves to endorse all. We present each at their intrinsic value.

PROPHETIC ADDRESS.

BY ROBERT OWEN.

Delivered at the Congress of the Advanced Minds of the World, in London, May 1857.

"Before the termination of the present century, all nations and peoples will be federatively united on principles of justice and equality.

"Great Britain and the United States of North America will first federatively unite; the innumerable advantages that will arise from this union will induce all other nations and peoples to partake of them, by federatively uniting with this first great united power; and then peace over the earth will be permanent and universal.

"The existing evil surroundings of the human race will be superseded by new combinations of surroundings, of a divine, heavenly character, which will transform the earth into one City, composed of superior dwellings, gardens, groves, fertile fields, and pleasant retreats from the extremes of heat and cold. Yet a City without the evil surroundings of streets, lanes, courts, or alleys. This universal city, or New Jerusalem, to be divided into districts of townships, no one of which will exceed three thousand inhabitants; each township having its proportionate surroundings of gardens, groves, fertile fields, and pleasant retreats.

"These townships to be federatively and socially united over the entire city, and their productions free to all.

"Each one in every township over the city of the earth, or the New Jerusalem, to have their physical, intellectual, moral, spiritual, and practical faculties, propensities, and powers, trained and educated from birth in a superior manner, so as to make all, according to their natural organized constitution, to become good, united, wise, and happy, through life; and all to exercise their physical and mental natures in beneficial and pleasant occupations, up to the point of temperance for each faculty, propensity, and power which nature has given to them.

"There will be one language, one religion, one interest, and one feeling throughout this city.

"The Anglo-Saxon language, improved to the utmost, will be taught to all in its purity from birth, and the language will also be the language of truth only in look, word and action.

"The religion will be that of Christ, or *Truth*, of love and charity through the every-day practice of every one.

"The City will be free to all, and the citizens may change their locality to benefit their health or please their taste.

"The English and Irish channels will be crossed on dry land.

"The seas and oceans will be navigated on islands instead of in ships.

"The arts and sciences, especially mechanism and chemistry, will be the willing, faithful, and talented slaves and servants of the human race, performing whatever is unhealthy or disagreeable for men to do.

"Old things will pass away, and all the surroundings emanating from the satanic system of selfish individualism, falsehood, and deception, will be superseded by entirely new surroundings, emanating from the true, the good, and divine system, which seeks to promote the high permanent happiness and progress in excellence of each."

MAN'S RESEMBLANCE TO DEITY.

"Man possesses a great and insatiable nature, which nothing can absolutely fill or supply. No sooner are the greatest of his aspirations obtained than he finds them inadequate to fill the yearnings of his soul, and something of larger magnitude still has to be sought out, which promises to be the thing that will really satisfy his demand; but, as quickly as obtained, it in turn diminishes in significance, alongside the still greater capacities of his soul, within which it is swallowed up and lost, and he still cries for more. No matter whether the desired object be something to possess, or lands, or a matter of enterprise or discovery, the least seems great till obtained, and then the biggest seems mean and unimportant as the smallest. So wide is the nature of man, that the more he knows, the more he wants to know; the more he gets, the more he wants to gain; and thus from height to height he vaults along, and only stops when he comes to the boundary over his prospects and researches imposed by the vail between life and death.

In addition to these restless ambitions —these endless aspirations, man holds within his nature a combination of powers and impulses, which in their exercise make him a very type of his Creator.

While God possesses the attributes of mercy, love, pity, benevolence, justice, integrity, judgment, and truth, so does man, in greater or less proportion, according to the cultivation and development which they have received at his hands.

While Jehovah manifests in his movements governing, controlling, and managing power, so does man bear them in due proportion; and he possesses also the accessories necessary for their development—namely, judgment, discretion, prudence, and foresight; and brilliant are the records of the past with instances where men have manifested this Godlike skill—this faculty of Deity. Does Jehovah exhibit in his character great constructive powers, seen in workmanship hung in mighty masses in the regions of space? Does he display great contriving, adapting, and proportioning skill, as manifested in elements mixed and combined, and seen in the adaptation of men, beasts, and plants to peculiar regions and climes? A great painter, adorner, and lover of decorative skill is He, as declared in the combined hues and glorious forms of life he has produced? So man, (made in his image,) moving in his little cramped up sphere to the extent of his field of operations, exerts constructive abilities till he stands a tiny thing beside the monument of his own skill, displays an inventing and combining genius, and produces also *his* conceptions of beauty, grace, and skill in a thousand forms of loveliness and joy.

Such, then, we perceive is man. He embodies within himself Jehovah's attributes. He is allied in his nature to the Infinite and Supreme. He possesses impulses that keep him ever soaring for mastery and might—ever treading out, subduing all to his will. He holds energies that are ever penetrating, exploring, and unfolding. We behold him now weeping that there are no more worlds to conquer—now lamenting that he cannot explore another million miles of space—now penetrating the bowels of the earth and comparing its incrustation, that he may judge the process by which it was produced,—now soaring in music and in song, till our touched sensations tremble with the thrill of harmony and delight; here emboweling the earth, dragging its rugged minerals to light,—there rolling out the blackened ore as glittering steel; now moulding the burning mass into terrific limbs and joints,—there fitting each to each, and giving steam for breath, while he compels the huge arms to twist and thrash its kindred element into shape. But man stops not here: he puts his hand upon every element of nature. While he drags from beneath its glittering wealth, he draws from above its light and heat: he dissolves the rock, the flame, the herb, the tree, the flower, to get their inmost qualities: he mixes, proportions, and combines, and stamps on all his constructive skill his beautifying and adorning power, and yet he soars; and, but that death and changing circumstances blast and break in upon his plans, and the vail of darkness hangs over the future, he has impulses that would urge him to aspire to carry into boundless operation the abilities and attributes with which he is endowed. Where would he cease his ambitious efforts for controll over the elements of nature? Where would he cease his efforts for dominion, wealth or knowledge, did not that vail blindingly descend on all around, and cut off from his gaze the field of his operations?"—*E. L. T. Harrison.*

Jewels of Thought.

A COMPREHENSIVE PLAN.—He (God) is compassionate to all, the works of His hands, the plan of his redemption, and salvation, and mercy, is stretched out over all; and His plans are to gather up, and bring together, and save all the inhabitants of the earth, with the exception of those who have received the Holy Ghost and sinned against it. With this exception all the world besides will be saved.—*Brigam Young.*

I combat the errors of ages; I meet the violence of mobs; I cope with illegal proceedings from Executive authority; I cut the gordeon knot of power; and I solve mathematical problems of universities, with truth, diamond truth, and God is "my right hand man."—*Joseph Smith.*

Give Truth a fair and open field. Let her grapple with error. Who ever knew Truth worsted?—*Milton.*

"WHEN WILL CHRIST COME?"—"When will be the day of righteousness that we talk about, when peace and truth and the Kingdom of God shall cover the earth as the waters do the deep? It will be when the principles of truth and life are developed in the hearts of

the people that dwell on the face of the earth, and never until then.

There is such a thing as truth, but that does not prove that it exists within you or me; a Seraph might stand by our side, whose being has been made radiant by the light of truth, and we still be in ignorance."

"The light must be in the soul before its benefits can be realized. It must be in the centre of man's being, a fountain of light and consequetly of life, and glory, from which fountain should proceed life and truth until it is diffused throughout his whole being, until all his affections are sanctified, and his judgment corrected."—*Amasa Lyman.*

ENGLISH PICTURE OF THE LAST PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

At this time, when we are running, so nearly on the heels of next Election, the following abridged account of the GREAT LINCOLN-DOUGLAS contest—prepared from "All the Year Round"—will be interesting.

At the time when these notes were made it wanted one week to the election of President, and the contending parties were in a state of seething excitement—hence we find:

All the political clubs are sitting day and night. The "ROUGH SKINS" are clamorous, the "PHIZ UGLIES" are vociferous, the "DOUBLE PUMPS" are marching in procession, the "REVOLVER HITTERS" and "DEAD RABBITS" of New York are unfurling their banners, the "WIDEAWAKES" are trimming their lanterns by day and carrying them about all night. The "Wideawakes" as potent now, as the "KNOW-NOTHINGS" used to be a few years ago.

We find Broadway full of election caricatures. The newspapers relate sad stories of election accidents. We see lithographs of Douglas being flogged by his mother, for keeping company with the naughty "Nebraska Bill;" balanced by pictures of Mr. Lincoln spouting from a platform of rails, under which grins a half concealed nigger. The "Herald" is treating its readers to a series of photograph of the characters and personal appearances of the various candidates for the City Council—some very spicy indeed. But the greatest excitement of the day is,—

THE GRAND DOUGLAS OX-ROAST, IN JONES' WOOD.

Five Brass Bands struck up Yankee Doodle, and four cannons saluted the heavens from the Fifth avenue, every ten minutes for an hour. And all this, was to advertise the Ox-Roast at two o'clock today, in Jones' wood. We order as our preparation for the roast a mint julep, and blessing the memory of the inventor, set out for the "wood."

We pass an enormous flag made of sixty yards of cloth, with DOUGLAS AND JOHNSON on it; and glide in a car containing about fifty persons—mostly wild looking men, apparently bent more on beef than politics—up Third Avenue.

Sure says one, "I have gone without meat for two days, just to get an appetite for this affair. I mean to fill in enough now to last till Sunday."

Another says he doesn't care what "the little giant" says, so he can get some of the Douglas beef. A third uses his tooth-pick freely, to get all under weight," as he playfully observes.

We meet two rival ballad singers; one, with a wry mouth, bellows to the tune of "Cmaptown Races:"

"In Illinois there can be found—
dudah, dudah,
Two nags upon the campaign ground—
dudah, dudah, do.
First 'Little Dug' I do declare,
dudah, dudah,
And spotted 'Abe,' with krinky hair,
dudah, dudah, do."

To this responds the other:

"We've pitched our tent on campaign ground,
A few days, a few days,
To give the woollies another round;
Douglas's going home.
The White House is the place he'll stop,
In a few days, in a few days;
He must go there, as sure as pop,
For he's going home!"

We enter the green rail gate of Jones' Wood and find ourselves in a faded Tea Garden. A brass band is pounding out "Hail Columbia" at the foot of the speaker's platform. On the left hand side of the pathway, some four thousand persons—two-thirds rowdy boys—with small flags, surrounded a large enclosure shut in with a pine fence. In the centre of this, are light temporary tables, piled with loaves of bread and heaps of "crackers" and biscuits, making the rowdy mouth water with carniverous anticipation. The police, in large flat caps and blue frock-coats, with brass stars on the breast, look on at the pit, fifteen feet long, six feet wide, and four feet deep, where the ox, the sheep, and the hog, are roasting fragrantly. There is a roar of election cannon, a defiling of banners, and a clash of music as the speakers enter in prossession and march towards the platform. The mob rolls, and billows, and sways till it rocks itself calm. Hon. Herschel Johnson has just begun to say that he has come from the South, "the sunny constitutional South," in answer to a call "at once pressing and pleasurable." The vast multitude of freemen he sees, assure him that the great and beating popular heart of the country is moved and agitated by the impending popular——

"—Crisis," he would have said, but at that ill-timed moment bang—bang—bang—bang goes the injudicious cannon, and a voice roars,

"Our friends from the Eleventh Ward are here!"

"Yes, and all New Jersey, and Connecticut too!" cries another.

And on comes the noisy procession with tumultuous banners and untirable band.

Mr. Johnson, silenced for a time, goes on to say that the Breckenridge platform has been split up, and he talks much that we don't care to follow, until there is a shout of "Dry up!"—"Douglas! Douglas!" And at last Douglas rises to speak amidst cadenced earthquakes of applause, volleys of cannon, and bursts of brass bands.

This is the sturdy, unscrupulous man, once a cabinet-maker, who is opposing Lincoln, once a boatman and woodcutter, both aiming at power in a great country where there is no impediment to prevent the poorest man of virtue and genius from attaining the supreme power. Douglas is a thick-set stern-looking man, of an O'Connell build. He begins:

"Fellow-Citizens of New York,—I appear before you to-day for the purpose of making an earnest appeal in behalf of this glorious Union. Cries of "Good for you!" and "Three cheers more for Douglas!") There can be no disunionist, there can be no enemy in this Union, in the Empire City of America. (A voice, "That's so!" "No, no!" and applause.) New York is not Northern, nor is she Southern, nor is she Western, nor is she Eastern; but she is continental and metropolitan. (Cries of "That's good!" and cheers.) New York is the great commercial centre, the great monetary heart of the American continent, and as such every New Yorker ought to sympathise with every State and Territory, and every people in the whole Union. (Applause.) Then I ask your attention to the mode in which this glorious Union is to be mantained and perpetuated for ever

to our posterity. There is but one mode in which this can be done."

A Voice—"We'll elect you, and you'll do it." (Music by a band on the ground.)

But need we pursue the vigorous speaker into his thirdlies and fourthlies, or relate how he swore to hang Lincoln with his own hands higher than ever old Virginia hung John Brown, if he proved a traitor to the constitution.

Need we dwell on the roars of

"Good boy!"

"Bravo, Dug!"

"That's so!"

"Three cheers and a Tiger for little Dug! Hei hei!! hei!!!"

"Hang up every black Republican in the country!"

"Sail on!"

"Let her rip!"

At four o'clock the cutting-up commences. There is a solemn hush. The table with loaves and crackers is placed on the east side of the enclosure. The oily oozing pig is on the west; four other tables with bread, mutton, and beef, form the south; and two tables, one for loaves, the other for beef, are in the centre. The reporters and cooks are inside the fence, busy round the smouldering pit. The speakers, satiated with talking, are dragging their relaxed uvulus and deafened ears back to the city. The police are driving interlopers outside the fence. Thousands of rowdy eyes squint and roll—hands clutch, and expectation stands on tiptoe, eager for the fray. The hydra mob is greedy and disposed to be violent. At first all was reasonably decorous. Boys bore round trays full of huge slices of bread, which every one snatched at hungrily, according to the programme: although now and then a tray was knocked down and angrily scrambled for. Then the meat was cut into savoury "chunks," and also handed round, but routine was now despised; the strongest and most brutal trod and trampled to the front and rushed at whatever was offered.

Impatient of the delay, and fearful of losing their shares, the mob now rushes to the fence, tears it down, and storms into the enclosure. The police, swamped, rally round a table covered with pork, and round that of the chief carver. The mob overthrow the rickety table and crowd round the carver, who is urged to apoplexy by savage cries for "Beef, mister!" At last, faint and disgusted, he retires, and the crowd rush at the relics of the ox. Foremost among the rioters, like the dreadful "Man with the Beard" in the crimson tableaux of the French Revolution, is a Rough, in a puce shirt, who with an axe lopped in bits the remaining quarter of the bullock (or rather *calf*, for the bullock of the night procession was far to valuable to roast.) Half savage, half mischievous and laughing, the mob tear at the pieces as he chops them off, and threaten to leave him with nothing but the bone; but at last he gives the axe to another, and makes off with a small hot luncheon of some twenty pounds of reeking meat.

Now, the mob, excited and wanton, but no longer hungry, take their revenge for having been kept waiting, by brutal mischief; a sack of salt is tossed in the air to the detriment of many eyes and many coats, and when it gets too empty for flight it is trodden under foot. Then the remaining loaves are pelted about and destroyed, and the beef bones and lumps of meat are used as missils. At this crisis, a great mind in the mob discovers the value of the crackers (biscuits), and, in a moment, two hundred of them are skimming the air—flying strong and swift, breaking painfully on noses and cheek-bones, hats and eyes. Lastly, a ruder nature suggests that the biscuit barrels are not altogether useless, and away they go into the air, falling with a crash like shells, and eliciting fights wherever they fall; one poor wretch is bonneted by a barrel, and when he draws it off, the nails, in the inside staves, have cut his face terribly; in a moment out goes his fists, striking whoever is near him. Then the police, dreading the appearance of knives, break in and disperse the turbulent mob, and slowly the great assembly breaks and falls away.

That night we had another procession: not merely the seedy thirty thousand who that morning assembled to eat the Douglas calf in the woods of Jones, but all the seething millions of New York and its suberb cities, Brooklyn, New Jersey, and Hoboken: all to shout for Lincoln. When I left my hotel a little before midnight, and looked down street, there were moving forests of torches advancing towards me from ever point of the compass. Gradually they grew, these undulating lines of twin stars, from mere pins' heads of light to radiating suns, with rays and halos of their own. They advanced under the starry arcs of discharged fireworks, under blue irridiations of Roman candles, projectiles that burst in the air like luminous rifle-bullets. Champ! went the New Jersey band, defiling down one strand. Champ! Champ! went the Brooklyn band, debouching into Broadway. Clash! Champ! Champ! went the Hoboken band, meeting them full butt, and greeting them with "tiger" shouts, hei-hei-ing, and brazen welcome, and booms of tightened parchment. Now came on marching serried batallions of "Wide-awakes," the flower of the New York youth. They marched two abreast, the officers wearing badges, and ribbons, and crimson scarfs, and each regiment with its fiery crimson colors. Each Wide-awake wore a cap of oilskin, painted a vemilion colour, in addition to a shaco, covered also with red oil-skin. Each bore in his right hand a pole about five feet long, having a swinging tin oil lamp fastened in a frame at one end. There were whole companies with blue lamps, and others with red, so that, as they marched in perfect military array, wheeling and changing front with the machanism of the soldier, they had the appearance of a Chinese Feast of Lanterns.

Now, the cannon round the statue of Washington, up towards the Fifth Avenue, bellowed to the welkin, and made the very stars wink, as if they were sneezing at the sulphurous smell. Now, all the clubs drew up in square under the balcony of the St. Nicholas Hotel. Roman candles were fired and broke into blue stars, while the rockets blossomed high up in the sky, and cast down showers of fiery primroses. Bang—champ! went the bands, and "Hei!—hei!!—hei!!!" shouted the men in the red caps. The great Lincoln banner, that waved heavily across Broadway, grew transparent and golden with the torchlight.

"Three cheers for Lincoln!"

"Three groans for Douglas!"

"Three cheers and a tiger for Seward, and three hisses for Tammany Hall and the Soft Shells!"

Now a hush, partly broken by the approach of a band newly landed from Albany—a hush as a little knot of men appeared on the balcony, and waved their hands to deprecate shouts.

"Mr. Elias Pidgeonbarley, from Missouri!"

Shouts enough to awaken Washington in his rude tomb on the banks of the Potomac. Fresh thunders of cannon, fresh rains of blue stars from the Roman candles, fresh tigers, fresh marching, fresh shouts of "Let her rip!" and "That's good!" and "Sail on!" as some five thousand voices roared

out an election song, of which we subjoin the first verse:

"I hearkened in the east, and I hearkened in the west,
And I heard a fifing and a drumming;
And my heart bobbed up, in the middle of my breast,
For I knew that the people were a-coming.
Then pull off your coat, and roll up your sleeve,
Abe and the people are a-coming.
Oh, pull off your coat, and roll up your sleeve,
For Lincoln and the people are a-coming, I believe!

NEW THEORY OF COMETS.

Arranged from the "Press."

The belief in comets, as omens of distress and calamity, possibly had the same origin as astrology—namely: a belief that a certain harmony and sympathy pervades all parts of this divinely framed Universe, and consequently, that a disturbance of its physical condition, must be followed by a disturbance of its moral state.

Increased, scientific knowledge concerning comets did not at all do away with the dread occasioned by their appearance. Some have thought our planet would be smashed to atoms by coming into collision with them as they rushed across our orbit on their way to the sun, and that earth might some day in consequence be split up into a number of fragments like the part-worlds or asteroids circling already around us. Others have simply thought their attractive influence might some day when too near the earth draw the great mass of seas out of their place and drown us all This was the cold water catastrophe. Others regarding comets as masses of intensly heated vapour have thought our fate might be to be scalded or stifled to death in a vast vapour bath. But of late years the fashion has been to regard comets as imposing humbugs which with all their vaporing do not possess strength sufficient to kill a fly: for calculations were made which showed, clearly enough, that the whole of a good sized comet might be compressible into one square inch of solid matter, and therefore, on the ground of a collision not very terrible. This settled the matter for a time, but the query has since been suggested, if they be mere vapor how do they shine, and how is it they are so wonderfully transparent, seeing that common clouds or vapors generally manage to obscure sky and stars?

We have now a new theory—they are masses of electric matter. In fact great replenishers of the vital force of the universe. This agrees, it is thought, with the phenomena of comet appearances. Electricity for instance, *is* a most luminous substance and the stars can be seen through the electric streams of the aurora borealis.

It has been observed that the speed of a comet approaches lightning rapidity when getting near to the sun, and that it decreases to a rate not wonderfully faster than an express railway train when at its furthest removal: their density and activity must therefore be immensely increased and they must act most powerfully as a stimulus upon the sun when near to it, and in proportion upon the planets as they approach them. The nature of this stimulus cannot of course be known, but as electricity is of various kinds some comets may exert a different kind of an influence to others. Electricity is par excellence the life power of the universe. It is to matter and the worlds of matter what the nerve force is to the human frame. The approach of a comet therefore must stimulate—generally beneficially—the vital action in sun and planets enduing them, as it were, with greater life and power of producing life; furnishing a probable explanation of the doctrine of the development of species, that raising of one type of being into a higher, which is the creed of many philosophers of the present day. There being probably no agency employed by the Creator in raising our planet from one platform of animated existence to successively higher ones more calculated for the purpose than the embrace of one of those erratic orbs of the electric fluid.

When the comet of 1777 came in contact with one of Jupiters satellites the comet was evidently attracted by it, and hung around the satellite enveloping it in its electric mass, and was so affected in turn that, on parting from it, the comet flew off in a different orbit to that which it previously had—and this if true of the body of a comet will be true of its tail. A planet passing through the tail of a comet will doubtless retain, by attraction, a portion of the sparse electric mass. The planet being less electrified will of course attract and become saturated with the electric fluid. The mere approach of a comet, it is believed, will impart to a slight degree increased electric action;—a planet passing through the tail of a comet will experience this physical exaltation in a greater degree;—and a planet which comes into actual contact with a comet, although the planet should be unaltered in its course, would experience such an accession of life-power as would tend to produce a higher animated state of existence on its surface, and probably also new forms of existence.

[This is the theory.—If it be true, our change from our present discomforts, to the physical joys and pleasures of the Millennium, may all depend upon our running headlong into a comet some of these days. Until this point is settled, it will not do to slight the coming of comets in future! Anyway, the idea, whether wholly true or not, may lead to truth—and as such we give it.] PEEP O' DAY.

Science and Art.

PHOTOGRAPHY.—A spanish photographer has discovered a varnish which gives an astonishing brilliancy to the prints to which it is applied. He keeps his invention a secret, but the varnish is believed to consist of albumen. M. R. P. Matthys, however, has produced a similar result by means of a layer of colodion spread over the finished print. The result is said to be very pleasing

A NEW WRITING INK.—At the last meeting of the Chemical Society, Mr. Riley, in speaking of the metal "vanadium," stated that it had lately been found of great value in the manufacture of writing ink; and that the very finest black ink, perfectly indelible by chemical re-agents, or by exposure to the combined influences of air and moisture, is made by adding a minute proportion of varadic acid to water containing tincture of nut galls.

IMPROVEMENT IN WORKING SHIP'S PUMPS.—A Harbart Town paper speaks of a new machine (the invention of Captain Christie) for working the pumps of a ship, in the event of her making a large quantity of water. The machine is on the principle of a child's roundabout, but where the horses are placed in that apparatus, masts are fixed in this—which, are six in number. Sails are attached, so arranged that they must always be full of wind, from whatever direction it may blow; the other three being edge on consequently powerless. A strong motive power is said to be thus obtained, which cause the centre shaft to revolve; and this, in turn works cranks communicating with the pumps. The machine can be constructed easily out of such materials as are always to be found on board a loaded ship. Captain Christie also thinks of applying his idea for the purpose of raising water on the farm for irrigating.

Poet's Corner.

GEMS FROM THE BEST AUTHORS.

THE OCEAN.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd and unknown.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time
Calm or convuls'd—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving; boundless, endless and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

[*Byron's Childe Harold.*

ASPIRATIONS OF THE SOUL.

"Past the high clouds floating round
Where the eagle is not found,
Past the million-starry choir,
Through the midst of foul opinions,
Flaming passions, sensual mire,
To the Mind's serene dominions,
I aspire."

STARS ABOVE AND STARS BELOW.

(Flowers the stars of Earth.)

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in those stars above:
But not less in the bright flowerets under us
Stands the revelation of his love
And the Poet, faithful and far-seeing,
Sees alike in stars and flowers, a part
Of the self same, Universal Being,
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

[*Longfellow.*

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